Hymns
and
Prayers
1847
PAPERS
OF
SHAKERS
20.
OHIO
Union Village

Copied by J. Norton.

Mildly judge ye of Eachother

Mildly judge ye of Eachother
Be to condemnation slow,
The verry best have got their failings
Somthing good the worst can show,
The brilliant Sun has spots of darkness.
On his radient front, they say.
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.

2

Do not mock your neighbors weakness
When his randoms whims you see.
For perhaps he somthing like it
Every day beholds in thee.
Fully leavens all our natures.
Soundest mettle hath its flaws.
And the rigid Stoic Scorner
Is no wiser for his saws.

over

3

Every mortal hath his hobby
It may foolish seem to you,
But remember! bright or simple
You have got your hobby too
Let a fellow feeling ~~he~~ warm you,
When you criticise your friend
Honor virtue in his actions
In your self his vices mend.

4

Think not those whom mortals honor
Are the best the Earth affords,
For no tounge of praise doth blazon
Forth the deeds which God rewards.
There's fish behind the ocean,
Good as ever from it came;
There are men unknown as noble
As the laurell'd heirs of fame.

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the hearts deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Edwin Burnham's

Hymn Book

January 15th

1855

Fruits of Justification

I love the lovly way of God
The path our heavenly parent trod
O may I ever walk the road
In truth and sefdenial
For to this love is free for all
Who will obey their holy call
Shall be redeemed from the fall
And go thro' ery trial

Then pray I Keep the Holy way
And never never go astray
But ever watch & allway pray
In love and zeal progressing
That when my spirits called away
From things of time & mortal clay
I'll dwell in bright celestial day
And share in all their blessings

James Amphlett.

South House S.O.

Little Spring

There is a spring so low & clear
To crystal streams it does flow
Delightful flowers are blooming here
And fruits immortal grow
Down very low remote from storms
And in a peaceful vale
This little spring is always found
Whose waters never fail
Here verdant fields forever green
On every hand appear
In which the Saviours lambs are seen
He feeds and folds them here
The meek and low the pure in heart
Here find sweet peace & rest
But never was a haughty soul
Seen in this lovely vale so blest

other side

Come Mothers children me & all
Now will you drink with me
Some water from those little streams
How clear and sweet they be
Come drink with me with sweet delight
For Mother says tis free
And taken freely will excite
Gospel simplicity

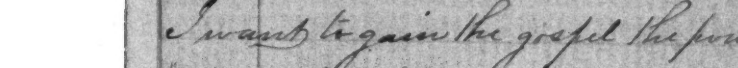
Eastern Song

Relation Forsaken

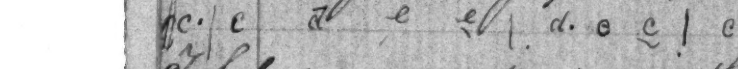
The world I've forsaken with all its pomp & show
My earthly relation I'm leaving behind
To feast in the gospel a durable treasure
The greatest of blessings that mortals can find
And leaving mount Zion I've Fathers & Mothers
And of every blessing an ample supply
Yea here I've found many kind sisters & Brothers
With whom I am ready to live & to die

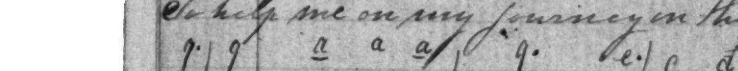
Eastern

I want to gain the gospel the power & gift of God



To help me on my journey in the narrow road

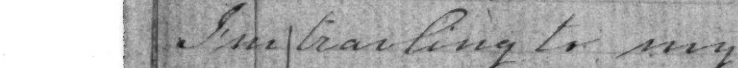




Eastern 1854

Eastern Melody

I'm | roaming to my home



To a fairer sweeter clime

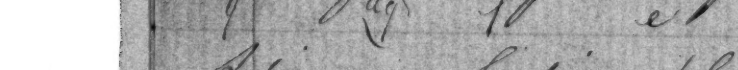
Beyond earths vain Enchantments

And | fading things of time

Adieu ye fading pleasures

That | seek my peace to spoil

I'm bound for yonder climate



Beyond this Earths turmoil
Vain joys I would not ask
They're but a passing dream
Or like a transient bubble
That glitters on the stream
Adieu ye boasted phantoms
Ye sirens farewell
In strains of holier accents
My heart & voice shall swell

Eastern Star

Pleasant Stream

By the side of still waters
And the low pleasant valley
Where bloometh the lilly wide
In the stream of repentance
I will bathe here I'll tarry
And on its lovely banks I'll pass

There I'll breathe in sweet odors
Sweet wafted from Heaven
And drink at the fountain of love
Which freely does flow
Into mothers children
From the beautiful urns of love

The Eastern Minstrel

I have found a rich prize
Of its virtues I'll sing
May the hills and the
valleys the sweet echo sing

'Tis a Mother O a Mother
no more an orphan
I'll roam for I've found
a true Mother and she's
gather'd me home
Heroes and Sages may
have names of renown
which long to raster by
may be handed down
But they make no such
Emotion they'll be rolled as
a scroll when the pure name of
Mother findeth rest in the soul

(Con. to or. long)

Heavenly Dews

Heavenly dews shall descend
upon tender plants and cause
them to flourish and grow and
beautiful showers of rain shall
descend while peace like a
river shall flow I will comfort
and bless thee saith Lord God
saith Christ your redeemer
King the weak shall be strong
and the strong shall rejoice
While anthems of joy they
will sing

Eastern Music

My soul is delighted with flowers of peace
Which in Mothers garden do flourish & grow
I now am resolved my plants to increase
Within my own garden for here I find room
I will imitate Mother in all that I do
I will imitate Mother in all that I do
I will have my garden both pretty & neat
I'll wall it with order & fet it complete
And should Satan come here my plants to in
Ill use my bright weapon & give him a blow
Ill place heavens virtues on every side
Love purity union humility peace
Truth meekness & wisdom to put away pride
Then order & beauty will in it increase

This chorus is sung to the first two verses

I will follow my leaders be honest and true
I will follow my leaders be honest and true

I will be mine humble & look very low
Yea search well my garden that no weeds may grow
Then it will yield lilies & bright roses to view
Sweet fruits precious flowers Rich plumes ever new
again

Gospel Treasure

Father grant me thy protection
Be my guide both night & day
Let me walk in circumspection
In this selfdenying way
Fill my soul with Mother's spirit
Let thy love be my support
That I may aright inherit

In the mansions of thy court

Thro' this valley safely bear me
Let thy mercy me attend
Let no evil thought ensnare me
Be my Father & my friend
Clothe my soul with Mothers spirit
Make me peaceful as a dove
That I may aright inherit
In the mansions of thy love

In this dreadful day of trouble
Bitter vengeance to repay
Let my watchfulness be double
In this great eventful day
Let our Mothers blessed spirit
Find in me a resting place
That I may aright inherit
In the mansions of thy grace

Let thy judgments be a warning
Unto all who seek the light
Tho' it is so bright a morning
After morning comes the night

turn over

Shield my soul with Mother's spirit
Every evil to destroy
That I may aright inherit
In the mansions of thy joy

This kind promise thou hast given
Like a Father and a friend
To continue with thy chosen
Till the world shall have an end
Come thou sin destroying spirit
Let my soul be thine abode
That I may aright inherit
In the mansions of thy God

Harvard Mass

The Maiden's Banner

Maidens to bring forth the
banner let it be unfurld to
the nations Now for the
battle now for the conquest
true hostilities commencing
Come forth your Armies your
valor let be seen and show
forth the strength of your force
Where is the true hearted volunteer
Thankful in service to be calld
to share Ready to brave every
foe to the cause To sacrifice

All in defence of its laws
I I am for liberty no power
shall controll my progress in
freedom to pursue my soul

Domestic

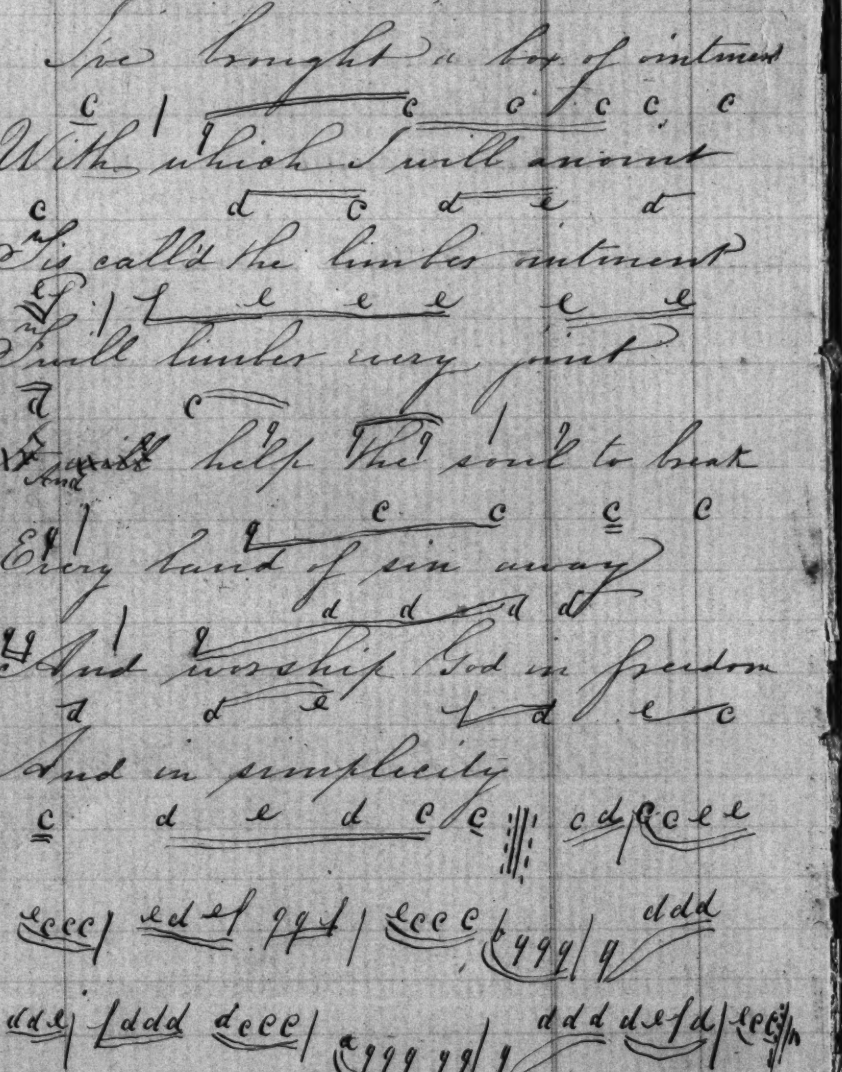
O The pearl of salvation
More precious than gold
Long concealid from the learn'd
& the wise has been given
unto me to my heart near I'll
hold it and for it all things

else I will freely sacrifice
The vain aspiring of the Earth
In splendor may excell
And acquise a name of honor
While in time I get nothing
can equal in beauty or worth
Those who freely give up all
in their prime

Ann Miller's

Eastern Ointment

I've bought a box of ointment
With which I will anoint
It's called the limber ointment
It will limber every joint
And help the soul to beat
Every band of sin away
And worship God in freedom
And in simplicity



Equilibrium

"Who ever would be high high highest
Must first come down at low low
Lowest And then ascend to high
high highest By keeping down
at low low lowest

Universal Advance

"The waters now begin to move
"The pool is agitated
And every one will shortly prove
How much they've lov'd or hated

The precious cross & holy fire
Of inward separation
Which will consume each soul desire
And usher in salvation
The power to love the truth to learn
The slothful soul has got put
This holy work he can't discern
By hums & haws & what nots
But still this work is swift as light
And faithful will wait not
But face the music stand & fight
And fire & vengence shake pat

So let the stupid stubborn Soul
The wolfish prowler tremble
Who prowls for flesh within the fold
Where Mothers sheep assemble
For lo the fate of such is seal'd
Of death & sure damnation
And fire from heaven is revealed
To work their separation

Then be ye warned stand out no more
Against the holy power
Least your sad fate you may deplore
Thro many a hopless hour
God will not linger in this day
And wait for you to wonder
But if you will stand in his way
He'll cut you asunder

But every follower of the Lord
Who hails from his bright banner
With crowns of joy he will reward
Yea in a glorious manner
No soul can tell the splendor bright
Such will possess in heaven
When they are fairly thro the fight
And to the end have striven

Feberary 28th
1855

Fierce winds may blow and
Hail descend The earth & Heaven
In twain may rend no seeming
peace nor friends attend
As pilgrims like you wander
But ye who build upon the rock
Of Truth shall stand the final shock
And I'll be near to guard my flock
From every kind of danger

Canterbury
1855

2 Those who wait upon the
Lord their strength shall renew
2 They shall mount as on Eagles wings
Over vain things here below
2 They shall walk & not faint
2 They shall run & not grow weary
And shall reap life eternal
In the mansions of bright glory

Eastern

Conductress

With a soothing voice
c. a | e e e
says Mother and gentle
c | g g g | e e
whispers low I've led you
e c | d d | e e
thro' all danger I still watch
e d e | g g g | c | g e
over you I've calm'd the
d c | c c
swelling ocean that beats
e c | d | e | c
against your bark I've
c c c | g | g
been your safe conductress
e e e d | g g
To guide you thro' the dark
c g e d c | g
I still am ever near you guide
I am your constant
There's nothing that can harm you
I'm ever by your side

And when you've cross'd the foaming tide
And satans host defeat
Your Mothers voice in accents mild
In heaven you shall meet

Familiarity

Come brethren one & all come
sisters to look around & stir
around be simple & be true
dont you want a little
love from Mother's fountain
sweet leap & catch it as it
flows and of freely eat

Healing Balm

Come gather near Oye
guardian spirits attend
unto our offerings & waft
this tribute of praise to Mother's
pure abode praises praises &
honor & thanksgiving do belong
do belong to Mother ever more.
O Mother happified Mother
spread thy heavenly wings
and hover round thy children
dear Go beneath thy wings

& healing balm is healing
balm and in thy beautiful
gospel are pures joys and
everlasting peace

Pleasant Home

I want to be lowly yea righteous & holy
I want to be pure & free from all stain
That well I may merit the place I inherit
A home pretty home in Zions domain
Tho we may have troubles they's nothing but bubbles
Compar'd with the joy that we shall obtain
A hundred fold treasure prom'd us without measure
If we to the end the gospel maintain

Pure love I'll be gaining the Gospel maintaining
From all that is vile I mean to be free
That well I may merit the place I inherit
A home pretty home my Mother gave me

No strife or contention no evil invention
For anything else shall lead me astray
For in this relation I find my salvation
And from Mother's fold I'll never go away

My Healing Balm

Come gather near Oye
guardian spirits Attend unto
our offerings and waft this
tribute of praise to mothers
pure abode praises praises
and honor and thanksgiving

do belong do belong to Mother
ever more O Mother Sanctified
Mother spread thy heavenly
wings and hover round thy
children dear For beneath thy
wings is healing balm is healing
balm and in thy beautiful
Gospel are purest joys & everlasting

Peace

28

Mothers Prayer

Receive my love my children
dear receive a parents blessing &
persevere while on your road
we all shall meet in heaven
and Live for you & Love
prayed while in a stone cold
prison yet tis for you before
my God I still implore a
blessing

I have found the blessed way
I'm on my journey to the
realms of day where the happy
Spirits dwell I am going home
to my Mother in Heaven Blessed
day holy way Blessed day holy
way Lovely Angels guard my
path Glory to God glory to
Christ & mother am I all our
heavenly Parents for this blessed
way of Salvation for this blessed
way of Salvation

How easy to bend the supple
willow to curb the current of
the rippling rill Yet the sturdy
oak and the Oceans Billow
bend not in pleasure or in peace
be still Then why would you
wait for the growth of ages or the
tide of nature to come in like
a flood Youth is the season
predicted by sages Should be
devoted in the service of God

Sacred Temple

Hail thou sacred temple of peace
Thou affordst peaceful ports holy
are thy walls & portals O how
goodly are thy courts Blessed
be the hand that form'd thee
And placed in thee the name
of Mother Blessed be thy holy
order O bless abode I want

no Ether

A beacon thou shalt be to nations
A monument of fame divine
Unfurl thy glorious banner
Let it wave in every clime

turn over

Gently blow celestial breeze
And waft this truth to dale & mountain
Oler it be to the afflicted
A permanant redeeming fountain

Crystal Tear

Lord fill my soul with solemn fear
A tender heart bestow And tes
ey mpathetic tear for suffering
Mortals flow Our humble parents
shed How precious was that
crystial tear Our humble parents
shed What comfort in their grief
appears While in the vale we tread
other side

Lord make me humble pure & good
Enrobed with charity
To do to others as I would
Have others do to me
The way appears exceeding straight
More plane & yet more place
My former life I truly hate
Myself I can't endure

Lord blot the things that are behind
While I in sin remained
Let grateful thanks employ my mind
For what I have obtained
Though tribulation rend my heart
And melt it soft as wax
May I with zeal perform the part
That God of me Exacts

I will forget the things behind
And in the truth increase
That righteousness may clothe my mind
With an abiding peace
The work is short the Lord will make
Among the fallen race Now every hand
Ile strive to break That Christ may have a place

Righteous Promise

Come sweet peace & resignation
Unto God's whole providence
Be thou my sweet consolation
And my shield & Buckler hence
Now my love & long forbearance
Shall my earnest thirst engage
Thou shall make their bright appearance
Thro my life on every page
How I long to be forever
From all opposition freed
Heaven grant that I may never
Any more indulgence plead
Neither will I be unstable
Sometimes cold & sometimes warm
But what ever I am able
Cheerfully I will perform

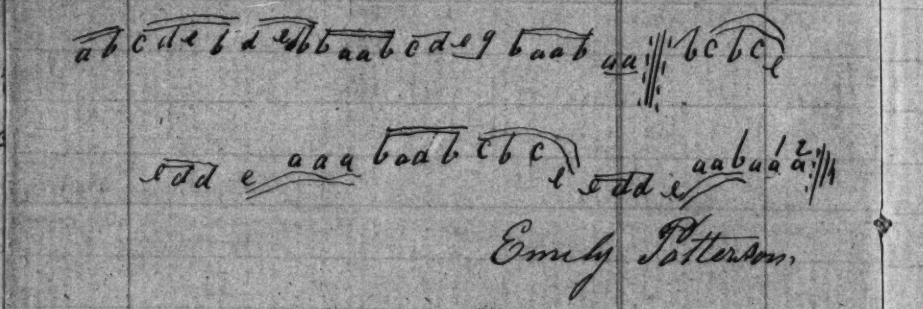
But one sacred resolution
One eternal solemn vow
One unchangable conclusion
Lord I have arrived at now
This is ever more to bridle
My unruly thoughts & tongue
It shall rather far be idle
Than to scatter what is wrong

It shall hence be kept in order
Never shall traduce the name
Of a sister or a brother
Or their words or actions blame
Charity shall be my motto
In good earnest I'll engage
"Wash & wash in this pure water
That my soul in peace may live

All Gods visible anointed
Ministry & elders true
All whom are in care appointed
I will yield obedience to
All the trials & afflictions
God may suffer me to bear
In great safety & protection

I can freely open there

But I promise never never
More to publish them abroad
May my sufferings be whatever
I'll be loyal to my God
If I do not I'll confess it
And confess it till I do
Then the Glory of the blessed
Shall be mine when I am thro



Emily Patterson

Lovely Virgins

Come forth lovely virgins come forth
saith the Lord With your lamps
trimd and burning In haste
meet my word O break from
the bands That now bind you to
Earth Cease the sound of discord
And vain empty mirth No
idols to worship No fancy to please
Be clothed with my power O
not
seek your ease For I am Jehovah
And ye who are mine Ile fashion & form
in my image divine

Land of Peace

Come heavenly love my soul inspire
To travel to that land of peace
Where all the faithful do retire
To reap the fruits of righteousness
Yea to this land of perfect rest
Where no conflicting spirits roam
No one to hurt or to molest
The children of this quiet home

My home it is this calm retreat
I'll seek no other dwelling place
There with that shining host to meet
Who have secured this land of peace
Far from the noise of Babels throng
Whose paths with vice are ever fraught
No lasting joys to them belong
The way of peace they know it not

And the pure joys do never cease
Within this lovely vale to flow
Which fill the soul with perfect peace
'Tis only for the meek & low
That saith peace a pleasant land
My fountains large my valleys fair
And on the rock my house does stand
And all my chosen gather there

Yea those who at me did not spurn
When unto them I gently call'd
But thankful for that way to learn
Which lead into my peaceful fold
And these are they who stumble not
Because of what must be denied
But soon to light their deeds are brought
And all vain pleasures sacrificed

This is the straight & narrow gate
Through which no carnal lovers pass
They have no love but allways hate
The way of peace & righteousness
In wisdom hath this plan been laid
Tho hated by the carnel mind
Yet all have got to walk therein
Or heavenly comforts never find

Jehovah in your midst
Lo I stand in your midst
Saith the voice of Jehovah
To view you my people
As before me ye move
My right hand & my sons
And my daughters is waving
Leaving an impress of mercy & love

Mothers Voice

What Sound is this Salutes mine Ear
'Tis mothers voice sweet voice I hear
'Tis mothers voice sweet voice I hear
She calls the Exile home
The years of jubille has come
Return ye wandering Exile home
Here love and joy you surely find
Come come to mothers fold
Here love & joy you surely find
Come come to mothers fold

J. Wooten
West Brick
M. C.
June 10th 1855

Sacred to the memory of
Amanda Johnson
Departed this Life 16th june 1855

Time Steals along with Steady pace
Unseen unheard the Silent race
Moves Swiftly on and leaves no trace
To mark his passing way
Old age and youth the weak and Strong
From this dark world progress along
Where honest Soluls who do no wrong
Find an Eternal day

A day of rest and quiet peace
Where love and union Still increase
And Sonls from Sorrow find release
From trouble grief & pain
And tho from friends tis hard to part
The tender kind and feeling heart
May yet some comfort Still impart
Tis their Eternal gain,

A faithful Sister meek & mild
A simple Suffering honest Child
Whose Soul was pure and undefild
Has left her house of Clay,

In youth She found the narrow road
In it her comforts always flowed
Till death has closed her day

Her body worn by pain and grief
Her Spirit joys but few and brief
In better worlds will find relief
And lasting peace of mind
Then humbly we will bear her loss
And bow Submission to the cross
And with her ransom'd Soul rejoice
To heavens will resign'd.

May peace of mind her rightful guest
In her kind bosom find a rest
And in a peaceful conscience blest
Her happy moments roll
Our Sister dear Farewell in love
Thy home Shall be in realms above
Where thou Shall dwell in Mothers Love
To calm thy weary Soul.

Composed by Charles Hampton
Union Village
Adr'd by E. Pattison,
N. V.

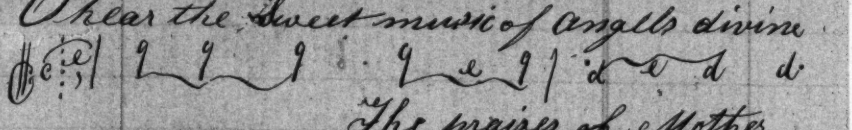
Music of Angels

The heavens are ringing with
beautiful singing, The music delightful
Jehovah is there, With Seraphs & Angels
this glorys completed, And thousands
join in the celestial air, But
the Kings Lords and Nobles the
Monarchs and Princes with all
their rich treasure this meeting
cannot share, Till they fall on
the rock and become as little
children, And learn by deep
Sufferings Christ easy yoke to wear

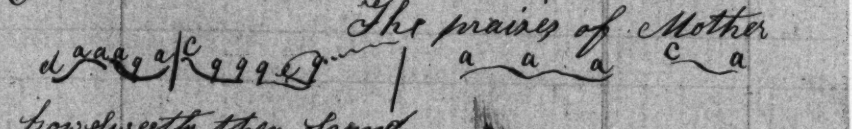
Pleasant Hill 55

Mothers Praise

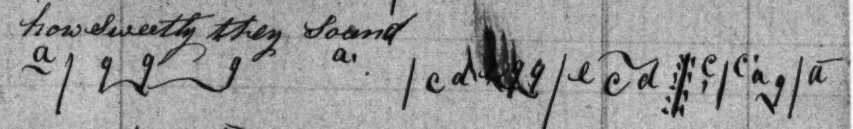
O hear the sweet music of angels divine



The praises of Mother



how sweetly they sound



P. Hill

Merry Song

Tune up a merry song join all ye faithful. Here is a holy band of Angels to help you

O God when will it be
That mortal man will turn to thee
Not untill they shall feel my
desolating hand. Then will
they be humble & call on my name
O world vain and sinful world
I bid thee adieu forever,
With all thy dread confusion
My soul is here at rest
In the garden of peace with Mothers Children
O home Sweet and precious home
Where lovely Angels do attend
And happy holy Spirits do constantly
unfold The beauties of heaven
To the true sincere soul,

Precious gospel I do love thee
And thy precepts I'll obey
Unborn millions yet shall prove thee
Love shall lead them in the way
In the way of the cross bearing
Now with zeal I'll speed along
And in every gift be strong
Boldly the new song
Richest gifts are now abounding
Yea they shine along the way
And sweet notes of joy are sounding
Not shall take my peace away
These sweet gifts shall flow forever
Precious gifts from God above
And my peace be as a river

Ws till Im absorbs in Love
Let me walk in joy & gladness
In this pure and peaceful way
Never yeald to grief or Sadness
All will then be open day
In this way so pure and holy ✻
° Thare o thare I mean to go (end)
+ Whare the Saints do Shine in glory °
✻ Whare the heavenly virtues flow +

K. M. P. 55

Lift Up Your Voices

Come Lift up your voices with pleasure
And Sing for redemption is nigh
Lay hold on the immortal treasure
In torrents it rolls from on high
Farewell to Earths pleasures below
I'm bound for the home of the blest
Where the pure streams of life ever flow
Where the weary in Spirit find rest
Where Mother her Children are calling
From glories that soon pass away
To inherit those durible riches
Which never can moulder nor decay
To dwell in those green pleasant bowers
Secure from the pleasures of Earth
Midst the fruits & the Sweet Smelling flowers
And love of Superiour worth.

over

Where the light of the heavenly morning
Will shine unto the perfect day
Where the tears of the penitent mourner
In mercy are wiped away
Arise O my Soul and be joyful
And move on your journey with zeal
Believeing theres power in Zion
The wounded in Spirit to heal

Where the wells of Salvation run over
Bright Angels in harmony sing
Sweet praises to Father & Mother
Through heavens bright archers doring
Where pure healing waters are flowing
And harpers are playing around
Arch Angels their trumpets are blowing
In Zion Salvation is found

P. Hill, 55

The pretty way

O this pretty way how cheering
and pleasant, It brings joy unto
my Soul Each day I'll travel in it

The Blessed

How blessed and glorious it is,
To travel the heavenly road,
To Join to the Spirit & share in the bliss,
Of all the true children of God,
O I will press on in this way,
Let whatever trials may come,
Be faithful & true to the End of my day
And go to my heavenly home,

Solemn Admonition

Stray not from the fold is the voice of
the Spirit Go seek for joys elsewhere
In some far distant clime
Think not to satisfy the mind
For so you will find them not there
For know you have tasted of the fruit
of the Spirit and oftimes have felt
my healing Balm. My choicest
gifts bestowed to refresh your weary spirits
And be they all be required at your hand

E. P.

Church 1st Order
Union Village
July 1855

O there a name from among the many
That chimes on mine Ear with an
accent cerene, Tis fairer then rubis
I mean to possess it, Tis prettyer
far than King or Queen,
Tis a good believer a good believer
roll it over and Sound it again,
A good believer their is no title half
So pretty in the language of men

July 16th 1855

Worship of God

We will worship God in the beauty
of holiness. We'll move on together
in union and Love. We will
praise the Lord for his loving kindness
We will move swiftly on While
the Angels are inviting Our Mother
is calling us come come away. We
will Worship God in the
beauty of Holiness

John Wroten, West Brick
August 19th 1855

Blessed Way

O lo what a blessed way
I have found I have found
It leads to life and Endless day
Where purity abounds
O I will press on, In this Straight &
narrow way, My Mother is calling
Her voice I will obey
She is calling me to leave
All the pleasures of time
And prepare to meet God
In a happier Clime

August 12 1855

S. E. Webber

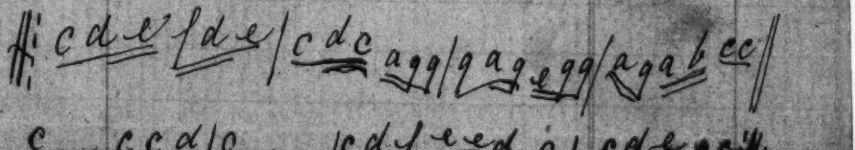
You & I &c.

What am I more than you
I'm nothing I am sure
I must keep the way of God
And the clensing work endure
For if I should be an idler
what a pitty it would be
To settle down in ease & think
There's none so good as me
Away with such a stupid sense
I hate the very sound
I never mean to make pretense
And go a trifling round

I'd rather be an upright soul
And fight with living zeal
And never stop a moment
Till the power of God I feel
So I will turn in Mothers power

Till real around Sweet
love till Summer

Eastern 1855



Quick Song

(Jeruselem)

O jeruselem O jeruselem arise
Shine on high. Keep your lamps
trimb & burning bright, Keep your
lamps trimb & burning bright,
That the nations in darkness a far off
may see thy light, And gather
unto thy peaceful fold
(Sabbath morn, Oct 7th 1855

— — — — — — — — — —

To the honest and the upright
my blessing shall fall,
For I love those who love their pure faith
And holy call
I'll be near them when afflictions
Shall weigh down their souls,
While the rude tempest raging
And high waves do roll,
Easton Oct 11th/55

Come dear brethren & Sisters
will you go along with me
I'm bound for that happy land
Will you go will you go will you go
along with me
Let's be joind in heart and hand

We'll pledge our selves together as one
Like valient Soldiers to Stand
+ Where bright lovely Angels Sing
Sweet praises to their King
And praises to good Mother Ann.

Eastern, Oct 11th 1855,

The above Song I've written wrong, the crosses will show how to Sing it,

O I'll be moveing on with the (regind lovely of Cure
O I'll be traveling on to gain a heavenly treas
Chorus Oct 11th 1855

Let us press for the Kingdom
in the way we've undertaken
With our face heaven ward keep the course
For the Kingdom of heaven
By violence is taken,
And the violent taketh it by force

My holy chosen people my lovely
c c c c e e d e f g
little few tis your holy holy Mother
e d e e e d c c e d
that loudly calls to you in tender love
c d c d e d e c c c
& mercy and loving kindness too
e e d c d c d e e
I will guard my chosen people who
e f g f e f g f e d
will their duty do
e e c c c e f g g g g e d
e f g f g f e d e e e e e e d c c e e d c d c
d e e e f g f g f e d e e c c c
Never sleep or slumber nor slack
c c c c e e d f g
nor weary grow
f e d e d e e d c c e e d c d c d e d
But be awake and moving as onward
e c c c e e d c d c
you do go
d e d e f g f g e d e e c c c

For I've sent
my little messenger with my love to
you So gather in
your portion it will bear you safely
thro'

As Stars and diamonds you shall be
Upon my crown dear children
Who in your early days maintain
Trice inocence and purity
The glittering of Gold is dim
The rays of the Sun at noon day
Cannot be compard with those
Who wear this endless beauty

Come dear Brethren & Sisters

Will you go along with me

I'm bound for that happy land

Where bright lovely Angels sing

Sweet praises to their King

And praises to good Mother Ann,

Will you go Will you go will you go

along with me, Let be joined in

heart and in hand, We'll pledge our

delvey to gather as one

Like valiant Soldiers to stand,

Home in Zion

My home my Sweet home in Zion

My call my holy call how precious

All the wealth this Earth affords

All the pleasure this vain world

can give, Never can purchase this

treasure which I hold

Tho oft through deep waters &

pearls I pass. All tho with false

brethren my lot may be cast

Faith in God is my anchor and

truth is my Sheild. On these

I'll rely when all else shall fail

November 4th 1845

Give me a portion with the people of (God
A knowledge of his order & the power
of his word, And tis all I want
tis all I want tis all I want I know
Let me be clensed from every thing
impure, Establish'd in the truth
Forever to indure, And tis all I
want tis all I want tis all I'll
have I know, Eastern
November 4th 1855

Come come O my children
Hear my cheering voice
Abundent in the Heavens stor'd
Are thy treasures choice
Everlasting treaure
Around the my Seraphs love
Gentle dews do shed

Like the sweet reviving showers
And the songsters of peace
Resting now upon thy Head
Do chant holy praises.

My home in the gospel is precious to me
It affords me just all that I need
And when I am faithfully bearing my cross
I'm happy I'm happy indeed
Tho I must meet losses & sometimes feel crosses
While conquering the nature of sin
Yet when I am faithfully bearing my cross
I've comfort and joy within

And tho I should suffer my self in the matter
I've found it so ore and again
And when I am faithfuly bearing my cross
I believe it is all for my gain
Let what ever trials I have to endure
I'll wait the salvation of God
And when I am faithfuly bearing my (Cross
Conclude it all for my gain
1855 Susan Liddle.

Come drink at the celestial fountain
Of never failing waters
Here heavenly comforts rise abound
Within these lovely borders
Chorus &c &c

How pleasantly we sail in our Saviours
g c | c b c d | c d | e | d c
bark of love, How gentle the gale that
d e | d g | g | c b | c d |
wafts us far above the rough rolling
d g g d | g g d | d d c |
billows that beat on every side
c b g | c c d e | c

And in the love of mother
d | e 1 9 a | 9 1
How Swiftly we do glide
d | c c d e | c ||
With company so lovely companions
|: 9 9 c | c d c | 9 1 a | 1
So dear not can Separate us but
a 9 | d d d c | d 9 9 |
forward we will Steer our pilot
d d d c | 9 9 | 9 c
will convey us unto that happy
c b | c d d | d 9 9 1 |
Shore. Where tempest and Storms
9 9 c | 9 9 1 | 9
can meet us nemore
d | c d e | c :||

Eartim

O take our love our joyful Love
|| 9 | a a a e | c c c
We give it to you freely
a c c c 9 | a, d
We know that Angels from above
9 | a a a 9 | e e e
Do guard around you daily
d | e e d c | c. c :|

For soon we in a better world
Will meet with one anather
And Sing & dance in holy love
And play a round our Mother

Of mothers Love I want a crumb
Come love and freedom come,
O let us gather some roll on power
Here is the holy throng with whom
We will march a long. joy and glad-
ness is the song happy hour,

New Lebanon

* And fli out of mater broad way

The Sweet name of Mother

A the Sweet name of Mother

Shall roll thro the Land

Till those who in darkness do lay

Shall flock unto Syon to learn her comman

I am the bright Angel that Stood by her Side

When She crossed the tempestous Sea

I was with her in danger and not could divi

My Spirit from Mother Ann Lee.

And now O ye children of mother I Say

Be thankful that you are her heirs.

Break forth in to Singing & dancing this day

Rejoice and dispell all your fears

For to this the heavens of love you shall fly

On wings pure celestial devine

When this Earth and its Sorrows you all have laid by

With mother in glory you all Shine.

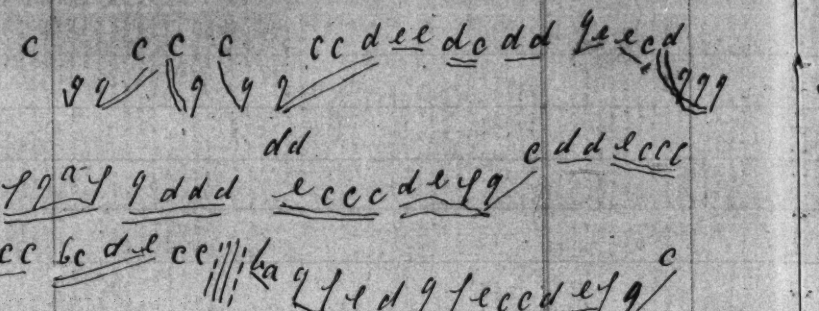
Pleasant Hill

Pleasant Hill

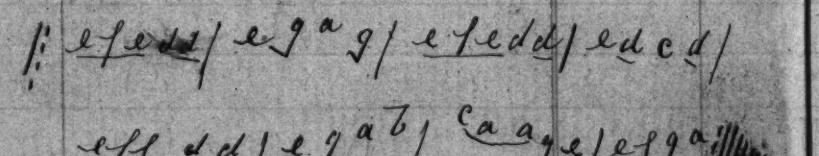
Pleasant Hill

70

Mc Namara's Horn Pipe



Hear the heavenly harpers harping, Here the Heavenly hosts are singing. Hear the Heavenly harpers harping, Glory glory to their God



White water Dec 25th 1855

upper octave

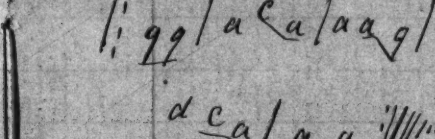
I love I love the gifts of God
I love to feel them flowing
Oh onward I am going

All those who travel here below
And wash their robes all white
Shall gain a crown of glory
And mine in mansions of light.

Joyful Landing

O come my Brethren & loving Sisters
O we will join we will move in love together
To that bright & happy Clime
And when we reach that happy landing
O how joyful we will be
Where parting will be known no more
and we can sing Eternally.

My blessing is flowing yea
rolling & rolling. Into the
humble the meek & the lowly



White water Dec 25/55

O how I love my sweet pretty home
My Sweet pretty home in Zion
No Earthly possesions with this can compare
Where heavenly union is flowing
Pure love is more precious than (Gold) Apples
Midst pictures of Silver a bounding
This heavenly love decends from above
And Mothers good childrean surrounding

Christmas Hymn

We keep the hours of Christmas
In honor of the morn
Our blessed Lord & Saviour
In bethlehem was born
Aloud the Angels shouted
And made the the heavens ring
That born was our redeemer
Mans Prophet Priest and King
And loud will swell the chorus
Of that angelic song
And down to endless ages
The joyful lay prolong
Redeemer throned in glory
In diadems more bright
Then all the orbs that sparkle
In worlds of perfect Light
This day through Earths dominions
Thy name and praise are sung
And blest by every nation
And every tribe and tongue
And we who dwell in Zion
In Social worship join
To bless thy name forever
Dear Savior of mankind

From sin and death and darkness
We are called by thy grace
To turn from every Evil
And win thy Sweet imbrace
To gain our Souls Salvation
From servitude and Sin
And make our Spirits holy
And white as Snow within
And as we bow before thee
Upon thy natal day
Baptize us with thy glory
& Angelize our way
Immortalize our senses
Our spirits all enthrone
And life eternal give us
And seal us for thine own

Composed By John Hebert
White water Dec 25th 1855

Second Part

So now in virgins dances.
Before the Lord we'll play
And fond embrace eachother
On happy Christmast day

over

And when we get to heaven,
And take our seats of Pearl,
We'll dance its virgins Shuffles,
And join its rainbow whirl.
We'll be a band of Babies,
And like the chickens flock,
Around our Holy Mother,
And in her cradle rock.
Our faces Shine as Silver,
Our eyes as sparkling Spars,
And all our form be brighter,
Than Sun and moon and Stars.
And then we'll mark of mooche (moon)
On heavens hallowed floor
And make our bow and curchey
At holy mothers door

John Hobert Sen, Dec 25th/55

Come love holy love Come decending
from above, Thou holy gem thou
pearl divine. Thou wilt endure
forever. Let it roll let it roll
I love to feel thy power. It fills
me full of living zeal. To help
me on my journey,

I have come saith wisdom
To bless my chosen few
To Strengthen and comfort you
While on your journey through

over

So be ye cheered all trials to bear
For lo in my kingdom
A crown you shall ware,

W. Water

My dear companions let us move on
The Strong shall help the weak along
We'll join our hearts in a cheerful song
And all move on to gather
We'll bear and bear and spet forbear
And of each others burden share.
We'll give and again forgive
As we would be forgiven,

Praise ye the Lord O sing hallaluia

Worship now before Him all ye people

O come pretty freedom roll on like a (over) sho

Sweet love and union fill me with thy (flowing)

I'll be wide awake singing & dancing

Every fetter brake swiftly be advancing

The heavens and Earth may pass away

The waters dry and herbage decay

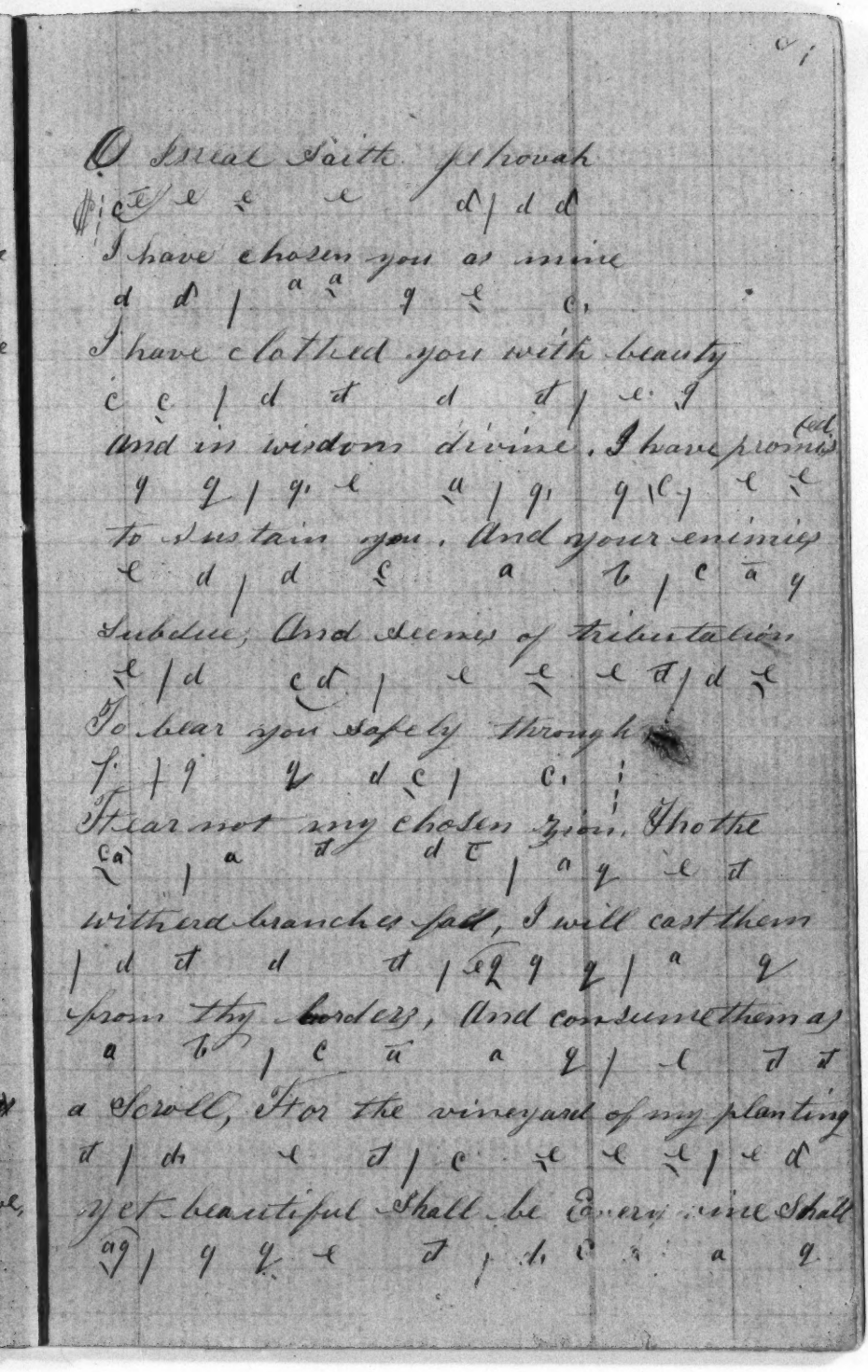
Yet by the Strength of my right hand

The Church of my Love forever shall stand

The Kingdoms of Earth with conditions may (end)

Her empires fall and monarchs decend
c d d^e f g^a g f e d d.
Yet know little ones where're this you see
a b c a c c^3 g^a a g g.
There safty and Strength in trusting in me
d d d d e e d d c c.
g

~~Holy holy love love pure and good~~
~~as good can be,~~
I've got a verry delicious crumb
'Tis Sweeter far than Honey
If you want I'll give you Some
It cant be bought with money
Blessed Mother give it me
Holy holy love love. Pure & good as good
as God is. Right from heaven above love,
Easter 1856


O Israel Saith Jehovah
I have chosen you as mine
I have clothed you with beauty
and in wisdom divine. I have promised
to sustain you. And your enimies
Subdue; And scenes of tribulation
To bear you safely through
Fear not my chosen Zion. Tho the
withered branches fall, I will cast them
from thy borders, And consume them as
a Scroll, For the vineyard of my planting
yet beautiful Shall be Every vine Shall

grow & flourish. And be useful unto me.

Chosen Vale 1856

Sound the trumpet of my love.
Saith the prince of peace;
Swell the tidings of truth
For my work must increase
Cease not to labor
Till the perfect light (dawn) shall
Not the blind dame marble
Nor the beggar shall ye scorn
For a knowledge of my way
Unto all I would give

That those who will may repent & live
And all who seek their ragged garments
to lay by, May be clothed in pure
linen. without a spot or dye
Canterbury 1856

of the sunshine of pleasantness
And freedom I bring
As a gift of sweet love from mother
Tho once it was mine it now shall be thine
Yea this shall be thine forever
Thro many a storm thy sunshine shall be
All the while shining to comfort thee
Its brilancy shall shine to enlighten all the

& To cheer life's wearisom journey

O what transcendent beauty & heavenly glory

For those who endure to the End

All the wisest of Sages the learnd

poets of ages, with their Excelent

Tallents combind, could not half

declared the rich blessings that are, for

those who are faithful and true;

My Soul delights in the pretty

way of God; My comfort

& joy is in this mitie abode

&c. (Chorus follows)

May 18th 1856

With my arm of love and blessing
My chosen I will lead
From fountains pure and holy
Their spirits I will feed
For I know full well their sorrow
I'm aquainted with their grief
And when mortal aid proves fruitless
My hand shall give relief
So rejoice ye my beloved
Tho afflictions be your lot,
For night and day I'll guard you
With an Eye that sleeps not,

The sun may cease its Shining
All nature prove a wreck
But heaven will ever be mindful
And true to Gods Elect,

North Albion

Lift up your voices ye children of Zion, And Sound forth the goodness of your God, Praise belongeth unto him, praise belongeth unto him, For his loving kindness is great And his mercy endureth forever, Shout a loud Shout o loud, Bear an ensign of peace and the banner of freedom wave, For Christ has come in his glory To reign forevermore,

May 18th 1856

In the bowers of Content by the river
of Love, We will move on together
Till we reach the courts above,
There to join the sweet chorus of
Angelic joy, And in praises to Mother
Our moments imploy (Chorus follows)
May 18th/56

Lovely virgins how divine
Beauty in their actions Shine for th
~~Let Faith~~ Works is me combine
~~That Hope~~ may keep my Station,
Let my hands & heart agree
That I in Christ & Christ in me
May Shine & thus my actions
Be proof of my devotion. S.A.B
May 18th/56

Come come come and I will lead you
onward, to that holy city, where the
faithful will be Crown'd. with glory
love & beauty, There you shall drink
the flowing Streams of my eternal foun-
tain, Shout and make the heavens ring
upon this holy mountain,
May 18th/56

89

I will praise thee o God
And with all my faculties
I'll serve thee, Thou art just pure
and holy. All thy laws I will obey
& I will heed the voice and love thy children
to a far brighter day,

Chorus

Join every living creature
In one harmonious strain
In honor praise and glory
To the co Eternal twain

White water 54

In each gift & order
Let's move on together
Loving one an other
Each sister & each brother

91 Union Meeting 90

Sweet union meeting
In mercy kindly given
To bless our hungry weary souls,
And fit us all for heaven
This sacred hour we will attend
Our spirits kind and cleaver
And every evil habit mend
By being good forever

Charles Hampton's words & Rachel Staffords tune,

June 1856

41. Samuel Parkhurst

O that we could but realize
The blessings we Enjoy
And make a willing sacrafice
Of all things that annoy
Then O how happy we should be
In union & in love
And from all fleshly ties be free
As angels are above

O come O come the Father saith
And of my bounties Share
O come Saith mother come in Faith
And taste my blessings rare
For I have opened a wide door
To all who bear their cross
They shall be mine forever more
Redeemed from their loss

O heaven sweet heaven I now can enjoy (thee
In tasteing thy comforts each day as it (rolls
In the I find not to perplex or annoy me
Thy spiritual gifts to feel most dear to my (Soul
Adieu then o Earth to thy phantoms so flee (ting
My Spirit as yet is confin'd to thy clay
I yet shall enjoy a most glorious (ting meet
With purified Spirits in eternal (day

What a glad sound I hear
c c d e f
From the heaven above
g f e d c c c
As it floats on the breeze
g c c b d c. a g
Of Freedom and love
g a. g g g g
The sound of victory
g. b c c g g
O how it doth ring
e f f g g
O come all ye living
g e c e g g
And help me to sing
e g c c c c

What a glad sound I hear
From the heavens above
As it floats on the breeze
Of freedom and love
The sound of full victory
O how it doth ring
O come all ye living
And help me to sing

Sing Sweet praises to God the most high
Who the winds and the Tempest controll
He comforteth the sinners Soul
And drieth the tear of the penetent
I will Sing of thy goodness & love
For the blessing of peace I enjoy
In the morning and at Evening
I will pray & Sing & praises
For this is Sweet Heavenly imploy

Sept 20th/56

The goodness of the gospel is so sweet to me, I hunger for more I want an Endless Store, I thirst yea more and more, O who can turn away from such joy as this, To drink Evermore the dregs of bitterness. I never can I never will,

New Lebanon Sept 20th/56

Assemble to gather we worship our God
Our Souls in Sweet peace are united
In all our imployment we jointly are one, For love is the bond of our union
Once more let us covenant to gather to Sion

My hand is a pledge I will give you
In every burden I'll help you to bear
For love is the bond of our union
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Lasting
Lo this world is transient
And no lasting comfort brings
But the faithful rejoice triumphant
When they are done with Earth by things
Holy mount Sept 21st/56
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Welcom lovely western friend
Heavens sweet love on you descends
Also ours we freely blend
To consumate your joy
Welcom to our friendly Share
We have open hearts and doors
Union village all is yours
All its peace enjoy

As of old it is with you
Harvest great & labors few
But the Lord will help you thro
And bless you every one
When your trials all are o'er
You'll be glad forever more

Glad that this you did Endure
Hear the Sound well done
The above Hymn, is a welcom to the Whitewater Brethren & Sisters, at Union village, on their way to water vleit, Sept 23 10 1845

I have a precious gift of Saith
That God has given me
And often times the Spirit Saith
Deny thy self and follow me
The gospel O that precious gem
I'm priviligid to o[illegible]
My groveling passions all to stem
And never cease to watch & pray
Then o how mindful I should be

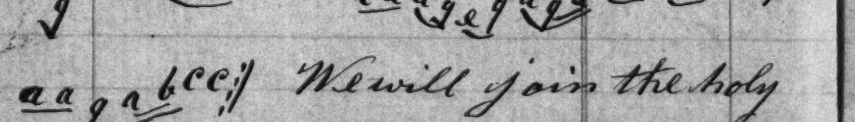
Forever more to keep
That prize committed unto me,
And surely its blessings reap
O I will never speak one word
To give an other pain
But grow in favor with the Lord
And love and mercy show to man

In trials that I may endure
Sweet patience be my guide
And reconciliation pure
Stand ever ready at my side
When wounding words or thoughts arise
Like billows on the Sea
Then and there I will be wise
And let no word escape from me

When all is o're what love and peace
Shall be my just reward
Calm thoughts and feelings will not cease
Distill in mercy from the Lord
O that we could ever return
The answer soft and mild
That lesson of true peace to learn
Forgiving as a little child

I hear the Still Small voice of God
Unto his people here.
My children take this peaceful (Road.
For this will dry you every tear
My love Shall on you then (fall
your days be Sweet and clear
Kind feelings and forgivness will
Flow thro your Souls like heeling (balm

O. C. Hampton
Oct 26th/56



We will join the holy ranks On the pure celestial Banks
Praising God & giving thanks
Adoring Blessed Mother

Nov 9th 1856

Selfdenial is my helmet

True obediance is my sword

And with vengencel will wa ld it

In the power and gift of God

O my Breathren & my Sisters

Help me help me do I pray

Help me labor in the Spirit

Without ceasing night or day

Nov 9th 1856

O holy fire rool on upon me up
Till all that is evil will depart from me

c.d.e.f.g.g.a.g.e.d.d.e.d.e.d.g.a.c.c.c. Nov 9th/56

The war is now proclamed
Come on ye volenteers
ye Soldiers of the Lord
Let your courage now appear
yea fight with living zeal
Determin not to yeald
Nn till the power of Sin is Slain
And the victory you have gaind

Nov 9th/56

Lord am going to the land of promice
Come my dear companions
O will you go with me
O will you go with me

To join the happy concert
Of those who've gone before.
There to chant eternal praises
To God forever more

Union Village Nov 9th/56

Tis he whose every thought & deed
By rule of virtur moves
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The things his heart disproves

Who never did a slander forge
His neighbors fame to wound
Nor harken to a fals report
By malice whisperd round

Who vice, in all its pomp & power
Can treat with just neglect
And piety, tho clothed in rags
Religiously respect

Who to his plighted word and truth
Has ever firmley Stood
And though he promise to his loss
He makes his promice good

Whose Soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ
Whom no reward can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy,

Nov 9 1/56

The pure in heart the Lord will (keep

The lamp of truth shall guide their feet

Are the rolling foaming deep

Unto the land of promice

In peace & love they shall repose

Yea they shall flourish as the rose

Ride o're every wind that blows

Triumphing in bright glory

Nov 9th 56

We will march to the heavenly kingdom
While Angels tune their harps of gold
Singing praises to our Mother
Who has called us to her fold
O this blessed saving gospel
Fill my soul with holy love
Never failing endless treasure
Flowing from the fount above,

Nov 16 1856

Com

To worship God I now have come
c c d e e f f d
His Sanctuary how divine
c e g c d g e d
And with the Saints to chant the Song
g g f e e f a g
The heavenly Chorus so sublime
c f f g a g e e g
So vanish hence all cares of Earth
a g
All e vanity c and giddy mirth e
c e e c c d c d
My Soul renew thy zeal once more
c e g c d e c a g
Be clothed and fed from heavens store
e e g e c e d g
Now in the morning I'll begin
My journey for an other day
The way to learn & keep therein
Shall be my labor lest I stray
For in my youth I have been taugh (t
The way of God so sweet to me
And by his mercy have been brough (t
And of his blessings handed free

Shall I not join my heart with
(those

Who sing aloud the praise of God
Whose Song with melody echoes
In loving gratitude to God
For how can I my Silence keep
O God forbid I Cant be still
I'll serve him while awake or sleep
And thus my holy call fulfil

My gospel friends on you I call
On you I daily do depend
I want your help yea one and all
For in each one I've found a friend
A friend yea let me thrice repeat
For you are near unto my heart
My joy with you is quite replete
And from you I will never part

Union Village, S. B.
Dec 7th/56

O my Gospel dear relation, I am on my
journey home. I am bound for eternal
life and heaven, To the spirit land

I go leaving all that's vain below
To the righteous there a crown of life
is given, Tho my way be rough
and hard every evil I'll discard,
For the Lord God will certainly
protect me, I will stem the rolling
tide, Tho the waters may betide
Holy Angels will be there to direct me
Lo my time is swiftly passing
And I cannot tarry here,
For time that is lost will God require
So all that I can do is to rise & journey
thro', Tho I pass through a furnace
of fire, O what joyful time there'll
be. When we've cross'd the foaming
Sea, And shall meet with the
redeem'd of God's creation. Then we'll

over

Sing and shout and dance, On
canans lovely banks, And exult
in a crown of full salvation.

Dec 7 / 56

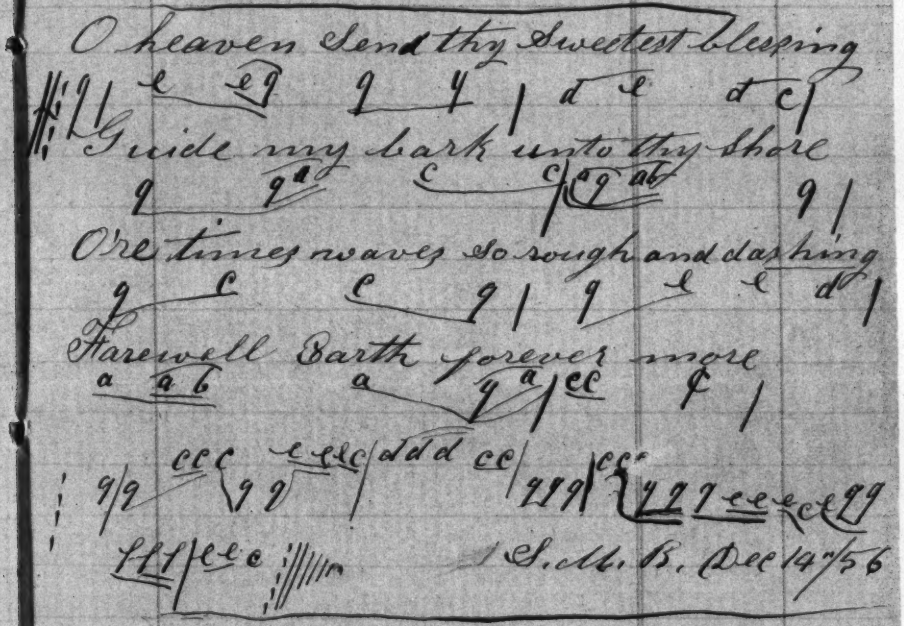
Come let us make merry
And drink at the fountain
Give glory and honor to mother
give glory, Pluck roses & lilies
On Gods holy mountain, Give glory
to Mother Give glory to Mother
give glory, By rivers of waters
her free Sons & Daughters,
All Sport and regale
As they are joyfuly going

To canans rich vallies

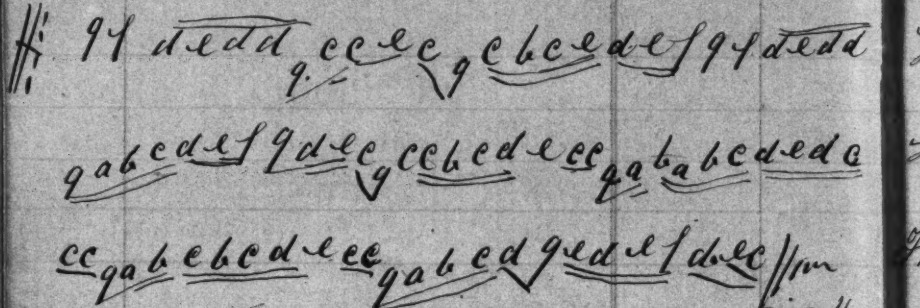
And beautiful alleys

Where wine milk & honey are flowing

Dec 9 11/56


O heaven Send thy Sweetest blessing
Guide my bark unto thy shore
Ore times waves so rough and dashing
Farewell Earth forever more
S. M. B. Dec 14/56

A Step or march



Elizabeth Ft.

So Should we live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower
A Self-reviveing thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

Union Village April 21st/61
Samuel Locy relast last week from being Second Elder at the Second order.

How precious the promise of life everlasting
Held out to the soul that is faithful & true
Heir certain to gain the rich prize of salvation
If they will their heavenly journey pursue
Yea white is the robe & unspotted the vesture
Which Mother will give her children at last
With her they will dwell in the bright promise land of
When Earth's fleeting pleasures forever are past
Their sun shall arise with splendor unfading
Their hope brighter grow as they travel along
A love never dying still waft them around
~~To that happy land where sorrow can enter~~
To that happy land where their Savior has gone
To that happy land where no sorrow can enter
No clouds intervene to disturb their repose
That firmament shines with the splendor of heaven
That sun never sets nor that day ever close

And sweet yea most sweet thro' the heavens arches
Dose sound & resound the loud anthems of love
Bright Angels there raise their celestial voice
In praise to the King of that city above
Blest home for the weary the cross bearing pilgrim
He lays down his staff when his journey is o'er
And coming forth clad in his immortal garments
He enters that city to go out no more

Dec 21st/46 New Lebanon

Here is

I have found the good physician
Binding up the wounded Soul
With the golden cords of love
Causing them to be made whole
With the oil & wine of gladness
Assisting them each day
Dispersing gloom and sadness
That would rob the peace away,

life

Adieu to the pleasures of this fleeting

Those transient enjoyments with which it is rife

Are vain and alluring they vanish at touch

ore

And all who pursue them will yet find the (such 3

Lo I'll shun the allurements and seek

Those pleasures abiding eternal & sure

Safe treasures in heavely mansions secure

For the righteous the holy and meek

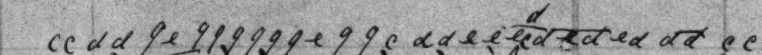
Whatever possessed by the mere worldly (will

There is nothing so good
e e e d d c
There is nothing so sweet
c e g L L e
As the pure love of Mother
c c e g g e d
O how delicious tis a precious
c b g a g g e g
feast to my soul
a b g c

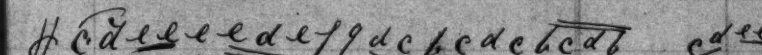
e c c c d e e e d d e c c c c g g g g a b c g g g d d e d

e c c c S. B.

Come pure love and fill my soul
c c d d c e
While the raging billows roll
e e d c d d d
Lead me to that peaceful home
c c d d c e
Beyound the reach of Sorrow
e e e d c c c



Come and be my constant guide
While on Earth I do reside
Bear me o're the rolling tide
Unto that happy mansion



E. W. P. Atmore
Jan 11th 57

Canterbury 1857

Gather love gather love gather
heavenly union, It will support
you on your way. Thro this vale of
sorrow, Gather in a rich supply
of this Heavenly treasure,
Unto you they freely flow
O fill your little measure

T. Hill.

Come pretty Spirit O do come to me
c c d e e / f e d c
Clothe me with slow humility
c c d e e / g f e d e
Grant me the gift of Sweet simplicity
c c d e e / f e c d /
O I will gather gather freely
a b e / a b c

Lo the heavens are open and the
Angels are sounding their loud
trumpet to awaken the slumbering
world, The Lord doth judge his
people He sitteth as a refiner
in zion and blessed are those
who keep his commandments
and live unto him,

New Lebanon Jan 25th/57

11mo S. Bradley

Dear Brethren & Sisters with you I will go

Thro Sorrow affliction & trials below

I'll never be parted from this faithful

Land, Whose faces are set for the

promised land,

Already Ive tasted from that happy clime

The clusters all dripping with heavenly wine

And since Im supplied with all that I need

In faith and obediance I'll follow my lead,

Away from Earth and all its care

My Spirit seeks a rest

Remote from changing scenes of time

And all that can molest
I'll haste me on to that bright land,
To fountain fresh and fair
Where spotless lillies ever bloom,
And spread rich fragrance there,
O heaven heaven delightful home,
Sweet refuge for the just,
My treasure I will hide it there,
Secure from moth & rust
Tho' on lifes dark and stormy wave,
My little bark is driven
Tho' faith I shall survive the storm,
And anchor safe in heaven,

O bless and praise the god of heaven
Who in mercy looked on me
I've a treasure worth possessing
Blessed Mother give it me
Tis her love her holy blessing
I'm the bearer unto thee
I will give to thee this treasure
Freely it was given me

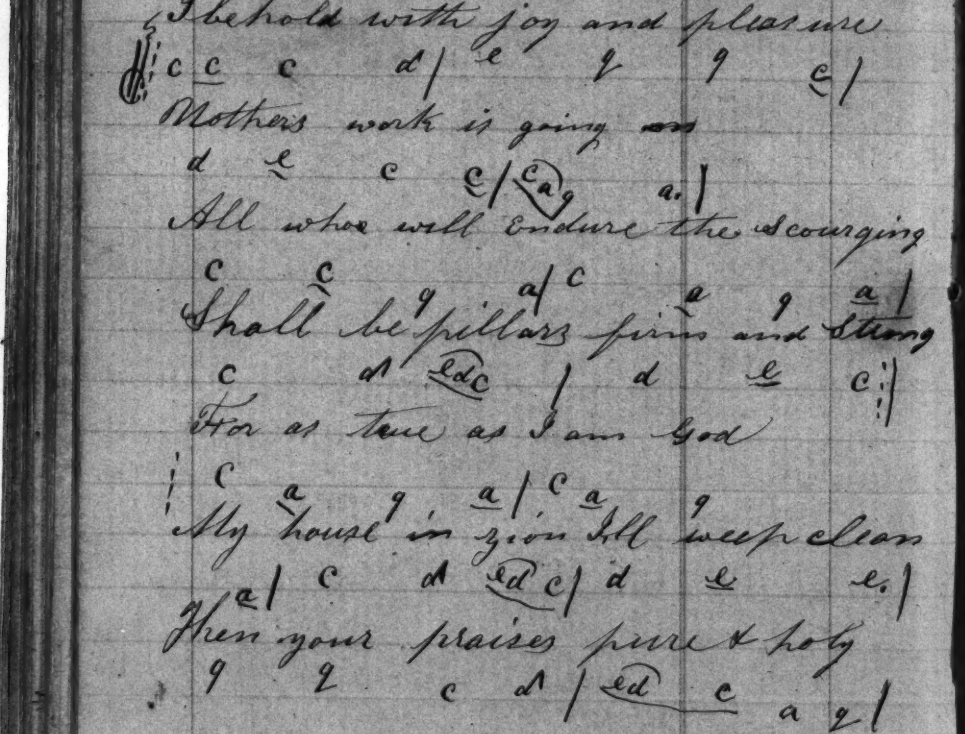
Union Village 56

O blessed Saviour hear my prayer
The breathings of my soul
While sorrows cup I deeply share
And grief without controle
O hear and help thy needy child
While angry billows roll
O keep me pure and undefild
Protect my needy soul.
Increase my faith and strength O God
To bear my trials here
Make me to feel and know thy word
Thy pure and holy fear
O may thy precious gifts abound
And deep repentance flow
To melt my soul completely down
Thy mighty power to know.

over

Lord give my Soul a living sense
And wisdom to direct
Me in thy way in prepent tense,
And my poor Soul protect,
Tho tribulation I must bear
And Sufferings be my lot
Yet it shall be my daily prayer
O Lord protect me not,

1843, Andrew Houston 1st ord
(All v.


I behold with joy and pleasure
Mothers work is going on
All who will Endure the Scourging
Shall be pillars firm and Strong
For as true as I am God
My house in zion shall weep clean
Then your praises pure & holy

Shall ascend around my throne.
c d e c | d e c ///

Union Village March 12th 1857

This blessed gospel gives life to the soul
And causes me to be happy and free
I'll press on with zeal to gain the true Good
And not be slack in the gift that's for Him

Come on dear brethren I say one and all,
Lets travil together in one Solid band.
Be firm bevalient and come at the Call
And travil up to the promised land

Come on good Sisters we want you along
To strengthen the weak and incourage the Show
We'll all move together & slay the vile foe
Say victory victory to all who would go

Our union & [illegible] our strength so press on with might
And never look back to see what we've left
But press on with fervor & do what is right
And we shall obtain the true happiness

Wade, Mahnen,

It's of no use

It's of no use, young man, to put on so many airs! Just as well act natural. If you have no sense of honor, if you break the Sabbath, ridicule virtue and religion, you are no gentleman, and there is no use of pretending you are one, It matters not how rich may be your conversation; the true mettle is not there, and there is no use of counterfeiting,

It's of no use young lady, to mince, and simper, and act as if you were better than any body else. You may never enter the kitchen, and may sneer all you please at those of your Sisterhood who labor for their bread, but you are no lady - nothing but a silly ignoramus - So there is no use of feeling so big.

What is the use of strutting about so pompously and useing all the large words Webster's dictionary affords to make people think you are educated? Did you never notice that the talented

and best educated persons are almost invariably those who use the simplest language- and did it never occur to you that you show yourself a simpleton every time you speak?

It's of no use to make a great spread, and try to keep up an appearance of wealth, when you are not worth a cent in the world. Why not live within your means, and instead of trying to ape those who are rich, wait till you have something of your own. People will think as much again of you, and what if they don't?- do have the courage to act as you please, for depend upon it you will always get found out. You cannot "make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

Finaly it's of no use for any of us to try to shine in borrowed feathers." It's a great deal better to always act natural; then we shall never be troubled lest people find out we are not what we seem.-

March 23 / 62

'Tis said that time is an arrant thief
That steals away our treasure,
Making our happiest moments (brief)
And leaving pain for pleasure.

That tho we strive, and weep, & sigh
And beg them not to leave us;
'Tis useless, and the more we cry,
The more old time will grieve us.

I think there's some mistake in this,
For, spite of cynic laughter,
I, if I've enjoyed a bliss,
'Tis mine forever after.

The flower that blossoms for the morn
Must wither with the morning;
And should it leave us all forlorn,
All other flowers scorning?

There is a bud somewhere about,
Will ope for us to morrow
If we dont crush its brightness out
By useless pining sorrow.

(wings.

Who cares for Times swift going
While Memory has the power
To gather up all pleasant things,
And bring them back Each hour.

March 23d/62

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

There's no such thing as death!
To those who think aright,
Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
Tis but one little act,
Lifes drama must contain;
One struggle, keener than the rest,
And then an end to pain.

There's no such thing as death!
That which is thus miscald,
Is life escaping from the chain
Which have so long enthralled;
Tis a one hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth,
And its kindred light,

There's no such thing as death!
In nature nothing dies!
From each sad remnant of decay,
Some forms of life arise;
The faded leaf, that falls,
All sear and brown, to Earth
Ere long, shall mingle with the shapes
That gives the flower birth.

There's no such thing as death;
'Tis but the blossom sprays,
Sinking before the clustering fruit,
That seeks the summers rays;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the peerless flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight
And weariness for power.

March 23d/62

The white huns of Sogdiana
The huns of the Volga
Their conquests of the alans The goths
implore the protection of Valens - Emperor
of Italy Constantople

The breast of symmachus, was an
imated with the warmest zeal
for the cause of expiring paganism

When Wisdom cannot instruct
or reason advise custom may
be permitted to guide

The greatful respect of the Christians
for the Martyrs of the faith was
exalted by time and fiction, into
religious adoration. So hard had
been the struggle to put down idolatry
and paganism One hundred and fifty
years after the glorious death of St. Peter
and St. Paul the Vatican and Ostian
road were distinguished by the tombs
or rather by the trophees of those
spiritual Heroes

The satisfactory experience that the relics of saints were more valuable than gold or precious stones, stimulated the clergy to multiply the treasures of the Church

The fame of the apostles and holy men who imitated their example and virtues, was darkened by religious fiction In the inviolable band of genuine and primitive martyrs they added many of imaginary heroes who never existed —

— The meaner passions of pride avarice and revenge may be deemed unworthy of a Christian breast

— Fifteen grave and learned Augurs observed the face of the heavens and prescribed the actions of heroes according to the flights of birds —

In the tumultuous capital of Egypt the slightest provocation is sufficient to inflame a civil War,

Serapis an Pagan Idol

The valuable Library of Alexandria was pelhaps or destroyed The composition of ancient genius so many of which have irretrievably perished Ought to have been excepted from the wreck of idolatry for the amusement and instruction of succeeding ages — Ch. Rome

After the fall Seraphas some hopes were entertained by the pagans that the Nile would depose to supply the imperious Masters of Egypt Who had broken their Idol

... At a time when the mind is at rest, and free for a moment from the cares and turmoils of daily life, how sweet to the contemplative mind is a season of repose, how delightfully do we welcome as ministering guests. the thoughts which are returning and departing constantly with glad tidings of hope and trust;

We investigate We reason and Contrast, and one of the most important considerations is the immortality of the Soul.

What Man or Woman being Convinced of the reality of this, can give much time or set their heart on perishable things in preference to those, which are attainable here and necessary to the happiness and enjoyment of our future life Namely those vertues which adorn the soul, and ~~which~~ we can carry with us, Over which time nor death nor rust have no control, If it were not for this belief, innate innate in the human heart there would be no religion And Man would not be

what he now is, a creature of reason intelligence

When the mind is at rest and free from the trials and turmoils of daily life how sweet to the contemplative mind is the season of repose And how delightfully do we welcome as ministering guests, the heavenly cadence thoughts which are departing and returning constantly With glad tidings of hope and trust

We investigate We reason & contrast, and One of the most serious & altogether most important consideration is the immortality of the soul. What Man or What Woman can being fully convinced of this Can look with much interest Or place their hearts on perishable things In place of those ventures which are a blessing to us here & necessary to the happiness And enjoyment of a future life, those are adornings to the soul and that which we can carry with us to Our home above Over which death nor Rust has no controll

To know that there is a God is a thought sublime if it were not for this belief there would be no religeon - for says the Apostle Paul - "He that cometh to God must believe that he is. And that he is the rewarder of them who diligently seek him" Or can we doubt it, Or the reallity of God who rules above.

"We view Our forms made in the immage of God both with pride and Wonder. And I would almost say idolized it, And it is no crime When it contains a Soul worthy of this And a spirit undefiled.

First declension

Sing - Mus-a
Nom - Mus-ae
Gen - Mus ae
Dat - Musam
Acc - Mus a
Voc - Mus a
abl. -

	Sing	Plural
Nom	Mus a	Mus ae
Gen	Mus ae	Mus arum
Dat	Mus ae	Mus is
Acc	Musam	Mus as
Voc	Mus a	Mus ae
abl	Mus a	Mus is

	Sing	Plu
N	Mensa	Mens ae
G	Mens ae	Mens arum
D	Mens ae	Mens is
A	Mensam	Mens as
V	Mens a	Mens ae
A	Mens a	Mens is